My son ? He shall set up a ladder-stair
Against this house, and in the triglyphs there
Nail me this lion's head, that gloriously
I bring ye, having slain him—I, even I.

[She goes through the crowd towards the Castle, showing the head and looking for a place to hang it. Enter from the Mountain CADMUS, *with attendants, bearing the body of* PENTHEUS *on a bier.*

CADMUS,

On, with your awful burden. Follow me,
Thralls, to his house, whose body grievously
With many a weary search at last in dim
Kithacron's glens I found, torn limb from limb,
And through the interweaving forest weed
Scattered.—Men told me of my daughters' deed,
When I was just returned within these walls,
With grey Teiresias, from the Bacchanals.
And back I hied me to the hills again
To seek my murdered son* There saw I plain
Actaeon's mother, ranging where he died,
Autonoe; and Ino by her side,
Wandering ghastly in the pine-copses,
Agavfi was not there. The rumour is
She cometh fleet-foot hither,—Ah ! 'Tis true ;
A sight I scarce can bend mine eyes unto.

AGAVE

(turning from the Palace and seeing him).

My father, a great boast is thine this hour.
Thou hast begotten daughters, high in power